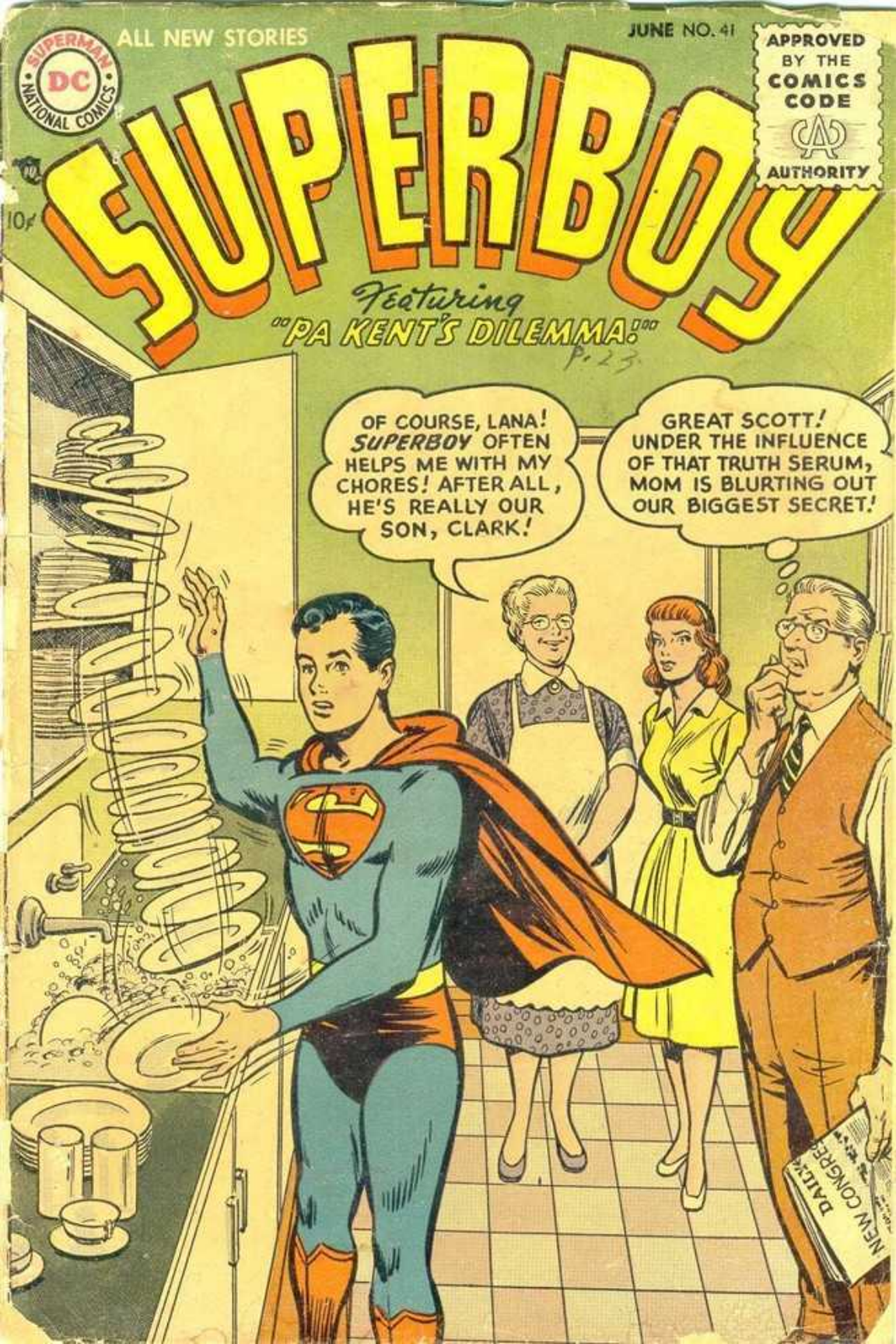

ALL NEW STORIES
JUNE NO. 41
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
10¢
SUPERBOY
Featuring "PA KENT'S DILEMMA!"
P. 23
OF COURSE, LANA! SUPERBOY OFTEN HELPS ME WITH MY CHORES! AFTER ALL, HE'S REALLY OUR SON, CLARK!
GREAT SCOTT! UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THAT TRUTH SERUM, MOM IS BLURTING OUT OUR BIGGEST SECRET!
DAILY
NEW CONGRE

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
OUT OF AN ANCIENT MYSTIC TIME RISES A LEGENDARY INDIAN MYSTERY THAT WILL PUZZLE YOU AS IT BAFFLES SUPERBOY HIMSELF! FOR WEIRDLY, SUPER MAGIC SEEMS TO STRIP THE BOY OF STEEL OF HIS SUPERHUMAN POWERS, WHICH IN TURN SEEM TO FLOW INTO AN INDIAN BOY! UNCANNY INDEED IS THIS SUPER-NATURAL RIDDLE THAT ARISES WHEN...
SUPERBOY MEETS SUPER-BRAVE!
CAREFUL, SUPERBOY-- DON'T STRAIN YOURSELF!
G-GOLLY... FOR EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH HE'S GAINING, I'M LOSING THE SAME AMOUNT!
ONE MORNING, AS SUPERBOY HASTENS TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT AT AN INDIAN VILLAGE...
THE PUEBLO TRIBE AROUND HERE WANTS TO PRESENT ME WITH A TOTEM POLE FOR AIDING THEM IN A FLOOD SOME TIME AGO, AND--HM...LOOKS LIKE THAT INDIAN LAD NEEDS HELP!
OH... MY STRENGTH IS FAILING!
BUT WHEN THE BOY OF STEEL LENDS HIS ASSISTANCE...
WHY--YOU MEAN TO SAY THIS FISH WAS TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO HANDLE?
Y-YES... AND NOW YOU KNOW MY SHAME! I AM THE WEAKEST BOY IN OUR TRIBE, SCORNFULLY NAMED LITTLE MOUSE!

SUPERBOY, No. 41, June, 1955 issue. Published monthly, with the exception of Feb., May, Aug., and Nov., by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and DICKEY STREETS, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial and Executive offices, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.00 including postage. Foreign, $2.00 in American funds. Entire contents copyrighted 1955 by National Comics Publications, Inc. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

THEN, AS A HUNGRY EAGLE SNATCHES THE FISH AWAY...
THIEVING BIRD... AND MY ARROW FELL SHORT!
POOR KID— A REAL WEAKLING! BUT HE WON'T RETURN EMPTY-HANDED
... AFTER I FILL THIS QUIVER WITH FISH FOR HIM!
BUT ONCE AGAIN...
OOF! I CANNOT CARRY THIS HEAVY LOAD!
ANY NORMAL BOY COULD. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO HELP HIM HOME, TOO!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, IN THE NEARBY TRIBAL VILLAGE...
YOU DID NOT BRING IN EVEN ONE BIG FISH, LITTLE MOUSE, AS ALL BOYS OF YOUR AGE DO! YOU HAVE TURNED 16, AND YOU ARE STILL A WEAKLING WHO SHAMES OUR TRIBE!
LET US BANISH HIM!
YES--GO, LITTLE MOUSE! IT IS TRIBAL LAW THAT AT 16, A BOY WEAKLING MUST DISHONOR US NO MORE! GO!
GOSH--THEY WANT TO BANISH HIM FROM THE TRIBE! BUT THAT'S NOT...
WAIT, MY PEOPLE!
LET US NOT SPOIL THE VISIT OF OUR FRIEND SUPERBOY, WHO WILL BE HONORED TONIGHT IN OUR CEREMONY! BEFORE CASTING OUT LITTLE MOUSE, LET US GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO REDEEM HIMSELF WITH THE ANCIENT MAGIC GARB!
THE MAGIC GARB? OH--THANK YOU, THANK YOU, O CHIEF!
THE FEATHERS OF FLEETNESS... THE BOW OF BRAVERY... AND THE SHIRT OF STRENGTH! BY ANCIENT MAGIC, THIS GARB WILL DRAW POWER FROM THE STRONGEST AND GIVE IT TO WEAKEST! YOU WILL GAIN MIGHT, LITTLE MOUSE!
PURE SUPERSTITION, OF COURSE! THEY WON'T MAKE LITTLE MOUSE STRONGER AT ALL!

BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT, TO SUPERBOY'S ASTONISHMENT...
WHY, THE MAGIC WORKS IN ME ALREADY! LOOK-- I CAN HURL THIS BIG ROCK WITH EASE!
GREAT SCOTT! HE SCARED THAT COYOTE SNEAKING OFF WITH A FISH! BUT HOW DID HE GET THAT SUDDEN NEW STRENGTH?
AND AS A GUSTY WIND SUDDENLY SWEEPS THROUGH THE VILLAGE...
THE WIND IS BLOWING OUR TOTEM POLE OVER ON WHITE DEER! I MUST SAVE HIM!
I'D BETTER BEAT LITTLE MOUSE TO IT BEFORE HE GETS HURT!
BUT STILL ANOTHER SURPRISE GREETS THE BOY OF STEEL...
OOF! WHY, I CAN BARELY HOLD IT UP, LET ALONE HEAVE IT BACK UPRIGHT! AM I GETTING WEAK? LOSING MY STRENGTH?
HERE, LET ME DO IT! THE MAGIC GARB HAS GIVEN ME GREAT STRENGTH!
I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU'RE GETTING STRONGER AND I'M GETTING WEAKER! HOW CAN THAT STRANGE DOUBLE CHANGE COME OVER BOTH OF US?
I'M SORRY, SUPERBOY, BUT EXACTLY AS THE LEGEND STATED, THIS MAGIC GARB IS DRAWING STRENGTH FROM YOU, THE STRONGEST, INTO ME, THE WEAKEST! ARE YOU CONVINCED NOW?
NO...THAT LEGEND'S SHEER SUPERSTITION! IT CAN'T BE MAGIC... I'LL SOLVE THIS MYSTERY SOONER OR LATER!
BUT THE MYSTERY ONLY DEEPENS FOR A BAFFLED SUPERBOY, AS THE WINDSTORM CREATES MORE DISASTER IN THE VILLAGE...
I MUST SAVE THOSE WIGWAMS FROM BLOWING AWAY!
MY... MY SUPER-SPEED IS GONE, OR I'D BE THERE ALREADY! WHY, I CAN BARELY KEEP UP WITH LITTLE MOUSE!
3

AND ONCE AGAIN...
I--I'VE GROWN SO WEAK, I CAN'T HOLD IT! ONLY ONE CHANCE, NOW...
THAT'S TO FLY AHEAD OF THE WIGWAM, TO THE TOP OF THIS ADOBE HUT...
...AND DEPEND ON THE SHEER WEIGHT OF MY BODY TO STOP IT!
LITTLE MOUSE, IN THE MEANTIME, IS HAVING NO SUCH DIFFICULTIES AT ALL...
HE'S TURNING INTO A SUPER-INDIAN BOY, WHILE I'M RAPIDLY BECOMING A SUPER-WEAKLING!
AND WHEN THE WIND FINALLY DIES DOWN...
ONLY ONE SUBSTANCE CAN SAP MY STRENGTH THAT WAY... KRYPTONITE, THE METAL FROM MY NATIVE PLANET WHICH IS HARMLESS TO EARTHLINGS! SOME OF IT MUST'VE BEEN CARRIED AND BURIED HERE BY A METEORITE FROM SPACE! I'LL SEARCH THE GROUND WITH MY X-RAY VISION!
AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER EMERGENCY ARISES IN A ROCKY FIELD JUST OUTSIDE THE INDIAN VILLAGE...
HELP! IT'S THE BEAR I WOUNDED WHEN I WAS HUNTING BEFORE! HELP!
TRIBAL PROPERTY OF JED WAKE KEEP OUT
BUT WITHIN A FEW SHORT MINUTES, SUPERBOY FACES THE MOST UNCANNY RIDDLE OF HIS LIFE...
NOT A SPECK OF KRYPTONITE FOR MILES AROUND... YET I'M GROWING STEADILY WEAKER, WHILE LITTLE MOUSE GROWS STRONGER! IT'S ALMOST AS IF--AS IF THAT WEIRD INDIAN MAGIC REALLY WORKS!

AND AS THE MAN'S FRANTIC CRIES REACH THE EARS OF TWO BOYS...
I'LL FLY OVER THERE AND... OOF! NOW THAT POWER'S DESERTED ME, TOO!
HE IS FAR AWAY-- I CAN BARELY SEE HIM-- BUT PERHAPS I CAN SAVE HIM...
...IF I FIRE THIS ARROW WITH ALL MY MAGIC STRENGTH!
TWANG
ABRUPTLY, HUNDREDS OF FEET AWAY...
HUH--? THAT METAL ARROWHEAD STRUCK SPARKS FROM A FLINTY ROCK INTO THE BEAR'S FACE, SCARING HIM OFF! BUT WHO COULD SHOOT AN ARROW ALL THE WAY FROM THE VILLAGE? MUST BE THEIR BIGGEST, STRONGEST BRAVE!
BUT JED BLAKE IS IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE, AS A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
I'M HAPPY MY ARROW SAVED YOU, MR. BLAKE!
YOUR ARROW? QUIT KIDDIN' ME, LITTLE MOUSE... I KNOW YOU'RE THE WEAKEST BOY IN THE TRIBE!
BUT WHAT CAN SUPERBOY ANSWER?...
WOW! AND SUPERBOY NEVER LIES!
NOT ANYMORE! THIS MAGIC GARB HAS TURNED ME FROM THE WEAKEST BOY INTO THE STRONGEST!
PAH! I OVERHEARD THAT SILLY RUMOR BEFORE, FROM A COUPLE OF EXCITED KIDS! BUT HERE COMES SUPERBOY... HE'LL TELL ME THE TRUTH!
I--I WISH HE WERE LYING-- BECAUSE SEEMINGLY, THE "MAGIC" GARB GIVES MY STRENGTH TO LITTLE MOUSE! GOSH, I--I CAN HARDLY LIFT THIS ARROW NOW!
THAT'S DOUBLE MAGIC, IF IT TURNS A WEAKLING STRONG-- AND TURNS SUPERBOY WEAK! WHY, IT'S THE BIGGEST BONANZA I EVER STUMBLED ACROSS!
5

IT'S WORTH TEN TIMES MORE THAN THIS SECRET URANIUM STRIKE I FOUND HERE, UNKNOWN TO THE INDIANS! AND LIKE THE WAY I BOUGHT THIS LAND, LAST WEEK, I'LL DUPE THAT DUMB CHIEF INTO SELLING ME THE MAGIC GARB CHEAP!
CLICK CLICK CLICK
MEANWHILE...
YOU HAD BETTER LEAVE, SUPERBOY, BEFORE THE MAGIC MAKES YOU COMPLETELY HELPLESS!
I--I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, LITTLE MOUSE! I'D BETTER GO WHILE I'M STILL ABLE TO STAY ON MY FEET! FAREWELL!
BUT ONCE ALONE, SUPERBOY UNDERGOES A HASTY CHANGE OF GARB...
AS CLARK KENT, I'LL REALLY BE WEAK THIS TIME! BUT I HAVE ONE THEORY I MUST TEST OUT BEFORE I LEAVE! AND SECRECY IS REQUIRED SO I DON'T TIP MY HAND IF THE INDIANS ARE UP TO THE TRICKERY I SUSPECT!

IN THE VILLAGE, CLARK KENT EXPLAINS HIS PRESENCE EASILY...
I'M A FRIEND OF SUPERBOY FROM SMALLVILLE, AND CAME TO SEE THE CEREMONY IN HIS HONOR! WHERE IS HE?
HE LEFT! MY MAGIC GARB WAS WEAKENING HIM, WHILE IT GAVE ME GREAT STRENGTH.
AW, WHO BELIEVES IN MAGIC? IF YOU'RE SO STRONG, LET'S SEE YOU HIT THAT FAR-OFF CLIFF WITH YOUR HEAVIEST ARROW!
MY HEAVIEST? VERY WELL... I'LL USE THIS ONE WITH THE METAL ARROWHEAD!

BUT EVEN THE "SUPER-BRAVE" IS AMAZED WHEN...
WHY, EVEN WITH MY MAGIC POWER, I DIDN'T EXPECT IT TO SAIL SO FAR OVER THE CLIFF! DID SOME UPDRAFT OF WIND CARRY IT ALONG?
YES--AN UPDRAFT OF MY SUPER-BREATH! WHEW! AM I GLAD THAT ARROW'S GONE! AND NOW I KNOW MY THEORY WAS RIGHT!
WHAT HAS THIS ARROW PROVEN TO CLARK? CAN YOU GUESS?

LATER, AS HE CHANGES BACK TO SUPERBOY...
"MAGIC" DIDN'T MAKE ME WEAK, NOR LITTLE MOUSE STRONG! I REMEMBERED SEEING THIS PLACE BEFORE, WHEN SEARCHING FOR KRYPTONITE IT ALL TIES IN--TO A SCHEMING HOAX OF THE TRIBE!
PERFORMA
WEEKL
BY
LITTLE M
IT LOOKS BAD FOR THE INDIANS, UNLESS... AH-- I CAME HERE ON A HUNCH, AND NOW I CAN GUESS HOW JED BLAKE FITS INTO THIS, WITH THAT CLICKING GEIGER COUNTER!
CLICK-
ICLICK-
CLICK-!
MEANWHILE, AS JED BLAKE APPEALS TO THE KINDLY CHIEF...
YOU OWE ME A BIG RETURN FAVOR, CHIEF, AFTER CHARGING ME $500 FOR THAT... UH... WORTHLESS ROCK FIELD LAST WEEK!
SO BE IT! TAKE OFF THE GARB, LITTLE MOUSE!
BUT MY PRICE IS THE DEED TO THE ROCK FIELD YOU BOUGHT FROM US!
SURE-- ANYTHING!
THE MAGIC GARB IS WORTH A DOZEN URANIUM STRIKES! I SEE SUPERBOY COMING NOW-- JUST IN TIME!
BLAKE! YOU-- YOU'VE GOT THE MAGIC GARB?
RIGHT! NOW YOUR STRENGTH WILL POUR INTO ME! I'LL BE ABLE TO PULL BIG CRIMES... AND JUST TO PROVE IT, WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I SOCK YOU!
YIPES! IT--IT DIDN'T WORK! THEN I WAS SWINDLED BY A FAKE MAGIC GARB!
NO! IT ACTUALLY JUST CANCELS YOUR PREVIOUS SWINDLE OF THAT URANIUM STRIKE FROM THE TRIBE!

SO -- YOU GUESSED, SUPERBOY! YES, A GEOLOGIST REPORTED URANIUM THERE, BUT TOO LATE! TOO PROUD TO APPEAL FOR OUTSIDE HELP, WE INDIANS DEALT WITH THE SWINDLER IN OUR OWN WAY! WE WILL RETURN HIS $500 OF COURSE!
YOUR METHOD WAS... UH... RATHER IRREGULAR, BUT NOT CRIMINAL!
THE "MAGIC GARB" HOAX WAS USED ONLY TO LET BLAKE GREEDILY DUPE HIMSELF INTO EXCHANGING YOUR RIGHTFUL LAND FOR THE NEW "BONANZA"! KNOWING I WAS COMING, YOU CLEVERLY GOT MY INDIRECT HELP TO PROVE THE "MAGIC" WORKED -- WITH KRYPTONITE!
"YES, IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I FOUND A METEORIC CHUNK OF GLOWING METAL, LAST WEEK"..
IF TESTS PROVE THIS IS KRYPTONITE -- HARMFUL TO SUPERBOY -- I WILL DESTROY IT... BUT NOT TILL AFTER THAT SWINDLE IS CORRECTED!
"YOU THEN SHAPED THE KRYPTONITE INTO AN ARROWHEAD FOR THE 'MAGIC' QUIVER. I FIRST BECAME SUSPICIOUS AFTER THAT INCIDENT WITH THE BEAR."
FUNNY... I'M WEAKEST OF ALL NOW, AND -- HMM... LOOK HOW THAT ARROWHEAD GLOWS! IF THAT'S KRYPTONITE, THEN THE "MAGIC" GARB REALLY DID DRAIN MY STRENGTH!
JUST THEN...
TRYING TO ESCAPE, EH?
THAT WAS FOOLISH, BLAKE! LITTLE MOUSE ONLY PRETENDED TO BE WEAK... HERE'S WHO HE REALLY IS!
LITTLE MOOSE TRIBAL STRONG BOY!
NOW -- IT'S OFF TO JAIL WITH US, BLAKE! AFTER I'VE HAD YOU BOOKED FOR SWINDLING, I MUST RETURN HERE FOR THE CEREMONY TONIGHT! THAT'S THE ONE PART OF THIS WHOLE BUSINESS THAT I KNOW THESE BRAVES WEREN'T KIDDING ABOUT!
THE END

VARSITY VIC
BARY KALTHOFF
HI, REGGIE!
H'LO, GLORIA.
WHY DO ALL THE GIRLS PLAY UP TO REGGIE? WHY IS HE SO POPULAR?
OH, HE'S TALL AND HANDSOME--A NEAT DRESSER--AN ALL-AROUND ATHLETE--
AND HIS DAD JUST BOUGHT HIM A NEW CONVERTIBLE!
OKAY! BUT OUTSIDE OF ALL THAT, WHAT HAS HE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T?
END

ADVERTISEMENT

DAISY GUNBOOK READY!

For Boys Girls and Dads

DERINGER PERCUSSION POCKET PISTOL—one of many guns shown in book

Illustration is about ½ actual size of Deringer!

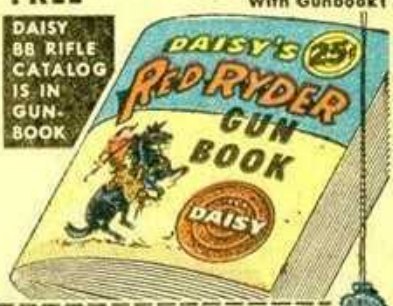
You'll enjoy seeing the historic rifles, pistols pictured in *gun section* of Daisy's new 128-page pocket-size Gunbook! A gun collector *authority* wrote each gun story. *Also* contains western lore, ranch-cowboy cartoons, jokes, comic strips *plus* latest Daisy Air Rifle Catalog. *All* only 25¢ including FREE ARROWHEAD CHARM. Hurry!

START A JUNIOR BB GUN CLUB!

Brochure tells how any junior, adult or group can start a club—based on the junior 15-foot (range) spring-type air rifle marksmanship program of National Rifle Association. Only 10¢.

FREE LUCKY ARROWHEAD CHARM With Gunbook!

DAISY BB RIFLE CATALOG IS IN GUN-BOOK



HOW TO ORGANIZE AND CONDUCT A Junior Air Rifle Club

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. 1685, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

☐ I enclose 25¢ in coin. Send Gunbook, FREE Arrowhead Charm, Daisy Catalog postpaid.

☐ I enclose 10¢. Send "Junior Air Rifle Club" Brochure, postpaid.

NAME_____

ST. & NO._____

CITY_____ STATE_____

DAFFY & DOODLE

GEE, THIS IS A STRANGE LETTER, NO SIGNATURE, BUT THE WRITER SEEMS TO LIKE YOU. IT SAYS -- "YOU'RE THE SWELLEST GUY I KNOW --"
OH! HE LIKES ME ALL RIGHT!

SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
QUICK, WATSON -- THE CLUE! YES, IT ALL STARTS AS EXCITING FUN WHEN SMALLVILLE YOUNGSTERS TAKE A SPECIAL NIGHT CLASS IN CRIME DETECTION -- BUT THERE IS MORE THAN FUN AHEAD FOR THE AMATEUR SHERLOCKS, INCLUDING SUPERBOY, WHEN A REAL CRIME ARISES TO CHALLENGE...
18th FLOOR!
THANKS, SUPERBOY! NOW, CLASS, NOTICE HOW FINGERPRINTS ON THE LEDGE MATCH OUR SAMPLE!
THIS CLASS IS A CINCH, WITH SUPERBOY TO TRANSPORT US TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!
THE JUNIOR SLEUTHS OF SMALLVILLE!

ONE EVENING, AS SUPERBOY COMPLETES A STRANGE JOB ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SMALLVILLE...
THIS LARGE CLAY MODEL OF A TYPICAL FINGER-PRINT IS READY!

AND LATER, AT A SPECIAL EVENING CLASS IN SMALLVILLE HIGH SCHOOL...
NOW THE STUDENTS CAN PLAINLY SEE HOW FINGERPRINTS ARE CLASSIFIED! THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP, SUPERBOY!
YOUTH SLEUTH CLASS

ONCE ALONE, THE BOY OF STEEL RESUMES HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY OF MILD-MANNERED CLARK KENT...
I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP OUT CAPTAIN REILLY... HE WAS A GREAT DETECTIVE BEFORE HIS AGE FORCED HIM TO RETIRE FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT! AND NOW, WHAT BETTER WAY CAN HE EARN A LIVING THAN BY TEACHING HIS YOUTH SLEUTH CLASS!
BACK IN THE CLASSROOM, AWHILE LATER...
LEARNING DETECTIVE TECHNIQUES IS EXCITING FUN, ISN'T IT, CLARK?
YES--EVEN FOR GIRLS LIKE LANA LANG! BESIDES, THEY ALL KNOW HOW MUCH REILLY NEEDS THE MONEY AFTER HIS LAST STAY IN THE HOSPITAL, FOLLOWING A GUN BATTLE IN WHICH HE WAS HIT BY A GANGSTER'S BULLET!
LATER, AS CAPTAIN REILLY COMPLETES THE FIRST PART OF HIS INSTRUCTION...
NOW THAT YOU KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT FINGER-PRINT IDENTIFICATION, CLASS, PICK UP SOME PRINTS AROUND THE ROOM AND MATCH THEM WITH THEIR OWNERS, WHILE I RELAX FOR A MOMENT!
BUT AT A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND FROM THE OPEN WINDOW...
SPARKS FROM MY PIPE... FIRE!
OH, OH... I CAN'T USE SUPER-BREATH TO BLOW IT OUT, BECAUSE THAT MIGHT SCATTER SOME OF THE BURNING PAPERS!
INSTEAD, I'LL BLOW OUT THE LIGHT SO I CAN CHANGE QUICKLY AND STAMP ON THOSE BURNING PAPERS!
DARKNESS HIDES A SWIFT CHANGE TO SUPERBOY.. AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...
THANK GOODNESS YOU SHOWED UP, SUPERBOY!
THE WATER FROM THIS VASE SHOULD ALSO HELP TO DOUSE THOSE SPREADING FLAMES!
2

By the time a new light bulb is installed, pupil Clark Kent is back at his desk--but with a new worry!
Golly--I forgot all about my SUPERBOY fingerprints on the vase! If Lana matches them with Clark's later, it'll be the end of my secret identity!
Luckily, I can crank this hand siren at SUPER-SPEED, creating a SUPERSONIC VIBRATION that nobody can hear, but which can shatter the vase!
My goodness! The fire's heat must've weakened that vase!
OLD TIME POLICE SIREN
Then, as the criminology studies continue...
Tiny telltale clues often pin down criminals! For example, tell the class what you see, Lana!
Why--nothing but a strand of hair, Captain Reilly!
Look again, Lana, and you'll see that it's a TWISTED, HUMAN hair, indicating it comes from someone who's CURLY-HEADED!
Of course... why didn't I think of that?
Later, there comes a startling interruption... Lana's father, Professor Lang, makes an amazing offer...
Now that you've got the groundwork, I'll give you a theoretical crime case to... eh?
How about a REAL crime case for your pupils, Captain Reilly? Lana told me of this class, and perhaps you can help me!
This GOLDEN MASK of the ancient Incas, which I recently brought back from Peru, was stolen from the museum last night--and they're offering $1,000 for the capture of the thief! Perhaps you youngsters can earn the award!
3

YOU SEE, CAPTAIN REILLY, IT'S BECAUSE YOU ONCE SAVED THE MUSEUM FROM A ROBBERY, WITHOUT ACCEPTING ANY REWARD, THAT THEY'VE AGREED TO GIVE YOU AND YOUR STUDENTS FIRST CRACK AT THE $1,000!
OH, BOY! A REAL CRIME CASE FOR US TO TACKLE! LET'S GO!
SOON, AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...
NOTE THAT I STILL HAVE IN MY POSSESSION THE ONLY KEY TO HIS EMPTY LOCKED CASE! HOW COULD THE MASK BE REMOVED WITHOUT BREAKING THE GLASS OR LOCK? IT SEEMS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!
GOLDEN MASK OF INCA FULL MOON CEREMONIES
EAGERLY, THE YOUTHFUL SHERLOCKS SEEK CLUES...
LOOK! A BIG BUTTON THAT MUST HAVE RIPPED OFF THE CULPRIT'S COAT!
WHAT--? I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
AND WELL MIGHT CLARK KENT BE STARTLED...
ONE OF LANA'S COAT BUTTONS DOESN'T MATCH THE OTHERS-- BUT THE ONE FOUND ON THE FLOOR IS A PERFECT MATCH! OH, WELL... NOTHING MORE THAN COINCIDENCE, I'M SURE!
BUT CLARK GETS STILL ANOTHER SHOCK WHEN...
AHA! A HUMAN HAIR OF RED COLOR!
RED? THAT'S THE COLOR OF LANA'S HAIR, TOO! BUT--BUT SHE CAN'T BE THE THIEF! WHY SHOULD SHE, OF ALL PEOPLE, STEAL THE GOLDEN MASK FROM HER OWN FATHER? IT'S RIDICULOUS!
I'LL TAKE PHOTOS OF THESE FINGERPRINTS I FOUND, AND CHECK THEM WITH THE POLICE FILES TOMORROW!
I'M SURE THAT FINGERPRINT CHECK-UP WILL PROVE MY SUSPICIONS OF LANA COMPLETELY UNFOUNDED!
BUT IN CLASS, THE FOLLOWING EVENING...
WE HAVE THREE CLUES...THE MISSING COAT BUTTON, A SINGLE RED HAIR, AND FINGERPRINTS!
BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THE CULPRIT'S PRINTS DID NOT MATCH WITH ANY KNOWN CRIMINAL IN THE POLICE FILES!

SINCE THE FINGERPRINTS DIDN'T CLEAR HER, LANA COULD STILL BE GUILTY! I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! HMM... I'LL CONCENTRATE THE HEAT OF MY X-RAY VISION!
PERFECT... IT "CLIPPED" OFF THAT STRAY HAIR OF LANA'S SO NEATLY, SHE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE!
NOW, BY INHALING WITH MY SUPER-BREATH, I CREATE A BACKWIND THAT BRINGS THE HAIR RIGHT TO MY HAND! WITH MICROSCOPIC VISION, I'LL BE ABLE TO COMPARE IT WITH THE ONE FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!

JEEPERS, THEY MATCH! BUT IT STILL DOESN'T MAKE SENSE FOR HER TO ROB HER OWN FATHER AT THE MUSEUM! I WON'T BELIEVE SHE'S GUILTY UNLESS HER FINGERPRINTS MATCH THE ROBBER'S, TOO!

BUT AFTER CLASS...
WHY ALL THOSE SUSPICIOUS STARES IN CLASS, CLARK? DO YOU THINK I'M THE THIEF?
OH, OH... IF SHE IS GUILTY, SHE'LL BE ON HER GUARD NOW! I MUST GET THOSE FINGERPRINTS WITHOUT HER REALIZING IT!
ER-- EXCUSE ME, LANA... MOM'S EXPECTING ME RIGHT HOME!!

ONCE ALONE, THE MILD-MANNERED YOUTH UNDERGOES A HASTY CHANGE OF GARB...
I TOOK ALONG A COPY OF THE FINGERPRINT PHOTOS FROM CLASS! I'LL GET THOSE OF LANA NOW AS SHE WALKS HOME! I--I HATE TO DO THIS, PROVING MY BEST FRIEND GUILTY-- BUT WHAT CHOICE HAVE I?

A MOMENT LATER...
THAT SMOOTH, SHINY LAMPPOST IN HER PATH PROVIDES AN IDEAL SURFACE TO TAKE HER IMPRINTS! I'LL HAVE TO SCARE HER MOMENTARILY INTO GRABBING IT!
5

A LITTLE SUPER-STAMPING MAKES THE SIDEWALK VIBRATE AND CRACK, AS IF IT'S GOING TO COLLAPSE UNDER HER! I'LL REPAIR IT LATER!
EEK!

AFTER LANA RECOVERS AND GOES ON...
OH, NO -- THE FINGER-PRINTS MATCH, TOO! ALL THREE CLUES POINT TO :GULP: LANA AS A COMMON THIEF! I FEEL TERRIBLE... IF--IF ONLY I'D MADE A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE!

HARDLY A MISTAKE, SUPERBOY -- FOR SHORTLY AFTERWARD, OUTSIDE LANA'S HOUSE...
THE FINAL GRIM PROOF... MY X-RAY VISION SPOTTED THE MASK BURIED IN HER OWN BACKYARD! I'LL DIG IT UP, BUT LET CLARK KENT BRING IT TO CLASS TOMORROW, SO HIS SCHOOLMATES CAN CLAIM THE REWARD!

BUT WHY, AFTER THE THEFT, DID SHE BURY IT DEEP IN THE GROUND? HMM... THIS ANCIENT INCA INSCRIPTION MAY BE A CLUE! I'LL WORK OUT THE TRANSLATION AT THE MUSEUM LIBRARY RIGHT NOW!

AND AFTER A HASTY SCANNING OF A RARE DICTIONARY IN THE LIBRARY...
SO THAT'S IT! NOW I SEE WHY LANA TURNED "CRIMINAL" AND "ROBBED" IT! PROFESSOR LANG CAN PICK UP THE GOLDEN MASK AT CLASS TOMORROW -- AFTER CLARK KENT GIVES THE SOLUTION!
INCA

BUT, MEANWHILE, THIS MASK MUST BE KEPT COVERED FROM THAT FULL MOON'S STRONG LIGHT, FOR A VERY SPECIAL REASON!
6

AND SO, WHEN THE NEXT CLASS CONVENES...
WITH SUPERBOY'S HELP, I FOUND THE GOLDEN MASK... AND THE THIEF WAS -- LANA LANG!
MY DAUGHTER? CLARK, IS THIS SOME SILLY JOKE?
YOUTH SLEUTH CLASS INSTRUCTOR CAPTAIN REILLY EX-DETECTIV
I'M AFRAID NOT, PROFESSOR! THINK A MOMENT... WHO ELSE COULD SECRETLY OBTAIN YOUR MUSEUM KEY WHILE YOU SLEPT, EXCEPT SOMEONE IN YOUR OWN HOME? RIGHT, LANA?
Y-YES :SOB: I CONFESS!
BUT-- GOOD GRIEF... WHY DID YOU DO IT, LANA?
WELL, I--I... OH, HOW CAN I EXPLAIN? IT WOULD ONLY :SOB: SOUND LIKE A WILD EXCUSE!
I--I'M SORRY :CHOKE: BUT I JUST CAN'T TELL YOU THE REASON!
THEN I--I MUST ASSUME YOU PLANNED TO SELL THE MASK, LIKE A COMMON CRIMINAL! LANA, HOW COULD YOU?... MY OWN DAUGHTER?
OH, CLARK! :SOB-SOB: WHY DID YOU EXPOSE ME? NOW I'LL BE ARRESTED--MAYBE SENT TO JAIL...
DON'T BE SILLY, LANA! SUPERBOY ALSO TOLD ME THE TRUE REASON YOU DID IT, PROVING YOU'RE NOT A THIEF AT ALL! IF YOU'RE ASHAMED TO TELL IT, I WILL!
FIRST, READ THAT INCA INSCRIPTION ALOUD, PROFESSOR!
"BEWARE THE CURSE! UNDER A FULL MOON, THE GOLDEN MASK STRIKES THE WEARER WITH LUNACY!" BUT THE RAYS OF LUNA, THE MOON, CAUSING MADNESS IS A RIDICULOUS OLD LEGEND, OF COURSE!
7

IN FACT, I WAS PLANNING TO WEAR IT MYSELF UNDER THE FULL MOON, TO PROVE IT A SILLY SUPERSTITION! I'LL DO IT NOW... EH?
NO--DON'T! THE CURSE IS TRUE!
ONLY ONE PERSON CAN WEAR THIS MASK WITHOUT TURNING MAD-- SUPERBOY! I'VE ARRANGED FOR HIM TO DEMONSTRATE IN THE MOONLIGHT HOW THE "CURSE" WORKS IN A NON-SUPER-NATURAL WAY! YOU CAN WATCH HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW!

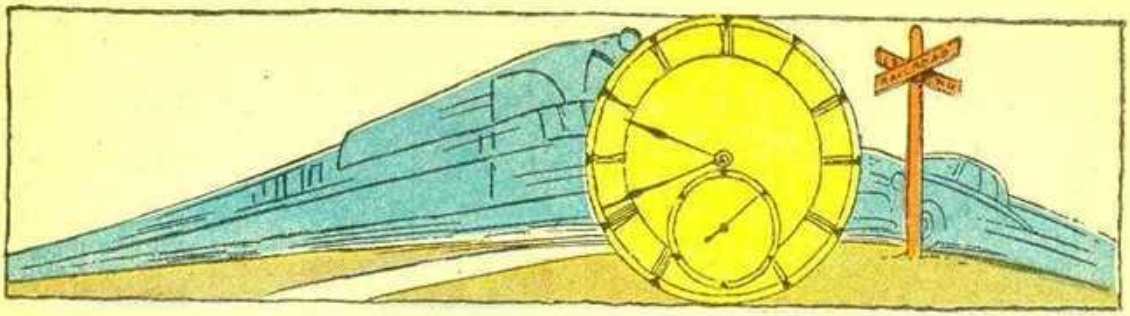
AFTER A SWIFT, UNSEEN CHANGE OUTSIDE...
YOU SEE, THE INCAS MADE SURE THE "CURSE" WOULD STRIKE ANY THIEF! THE FULL MOON'S POWERFUL POLARIZED RAYS CAUSE CHEMICAL CRYSTALS, EMBEDDED IN THE METAL, TO GIVE OFF POISONOUS FUMES THAT CAN TURN YOU MAD!

THEN, UPON RETURNING AS CLARK KENT...
SO YOU SEE, LANA'S ONLY MOTIVE WAS TO PROTECT YOU, PROFESSOR!
OH, DADDY, I WAS SO WORRIED THAT THE "CURSE" MIGHT STRIKE YOU! BUT YOU KEPT LAUGHING AT MY FEARS-- SO IN DESPERATION, I TOOK THE MASK, PLANNING TO KEEP IT BURIED TILL THE FULL MOON WAS OVER!

THUS, NEXT EVENING, WHEN CLASS RECONVENES...
BUT THIS REWARD MONEY SHOULD GO TO SUPERBOY, NOT ME!
CONFESS, CAPTAIN REILLY! THE BUTTON, RED HAIR, AND SMALL SIZED GIRL'S FINGERPRINTS TOLD AN OLD SHERLOCK LIKE YOU INSTANTLY THAT LANA WAS GUILTY!
8

WE CAN ADD TWO-AND-TWO, PROVING YOU PROTECTED MY SECRET, SCORNING THE REWARD FOR MY SAKE! GUILTY, CAPTAIN REILLY?
ER... I SEE I TAUGHT YOU YOUNG SLEUTHS... UH... TOO WELL! I CONFESS!
THE END

CROSSED OFF



Stupid Drivers Who Race Diesels Fail to Realize That the Odds Are Against Them

THE Special's Diesels were pounding away smoothly, pulling easily its load of 600 tons of coaches. The main headlight lit up the track for about a mile. Coasting into town at 60, the Special was right on schedule.

George Klee, on the throttle, turned away briefly from the tracks ahead and shifted his position on the stool just behind the brake and control stands. Fireman Sam Moore was glancing at the signal posts that seemed to be racing past along the right of way.

Klee reached for the cord as he idly glanced at a cream-colored coupe that sped along on the highway alongside the roadbed. Mindful of the fact that the road would cross his path at a crossing up ahead, Klee hung onto the cord a moment longer.

The sound of the crossing signal was deafening to the two occupants of the Diesel cab.

Klee glanced at the coupe again. It had not slackened its speed!

Fireman Moore was now on Klee's side of the cab, staring at the speeding coupe.

"Racing?" he asked.

Klee shrugged, slapped the throttle shut, and draped his arm over the signal cord.

When it was obvious to both of them that the coupe intended to race them to the crossing, Klee released the cord, hit the brake valve and sander.

As the emergency brakes grabbed, Moore was thrown against the windshield but braced himself for the expected crash.

But only the sound of escaping air from the emergency brakes were heard. A moment later, the Diesel had passed the crossing, and Moore spotted the coupe on the other side, braking to a stop.

The crash, which would have pulverized the coupe, had been averted by inches. But no thanks to the autoist. He'd never admit it, but he owed his life to the fast action of the engineer.

I spoke to Klee later. I asked him what he thought about drivers like the one who pushed the cream-colored coupe ahead of him at that crossing.

Klee remembered that his fireman had asked him the same question.

"No," Klee said, thoughtfully, "I

don't really think that he intended to race me to the crossing. Actually, very few people are that foolhardy."

"But he did race you," I insisted.

"Yes, but not deliberately. It wasn't a deliberate attempt to try to beat me to that crossing," Klee said.

"What makes you say that?"

"I noticed that his windows were all the way up. Chances are, he didn't hear my crossing signal whistle. By the time he did see the train, it was too late to try for a stop. So he stepped down all the way on his accelerator.

"At least, that's how it usually happens."

"Then," I summed up, "you'd say that in the majority of cases, crossing mishaps are the result of carelessness."

"That's about it," Klee nodded.

If what Klee says is true, and I have no reason to doubt him, there's an awful lot of carelessness around, considering that, in a recent year, over 4,000 motor vehicles collided with trains at crossings. And there were at least twice that number of close escapes similar to Engineer Klee's experience.

Railroad safety supervisors list a number of factors mainly responsible for crossing collisions. Practically all of the factors may be classified under the general term of "Carelessness."

An autoist's familiarity with a particular crossing is one factor high on the list. A person who has safely driven his car over a crossing daily for years has a tendency to get careless.

"That crossing is supposed to be dangerous, but I've been driving over it for years, and nothing ever happened to me," was the way one optimistic autoist put it. What he didn't realize, of course, is that "it" only has to happen once.

Another factor is the confidence most drivers have in the ability of the Diesel engineer to stop on a dime. There is a popular belief that the powerful emergency brakes on a diesel can stop the train on a dime. It isn't so.

Oddly enough, a bad crossing is apt to give the railroad engineer a worse case of jitters than the person who should worry more, the auto driver. On rainy nights, Diesel drivers generally ignore train schedules, and literally crawl past the crossings. Motorists are rarely that worried.

Just the same, statistics prove that most accidents occur in clear weather. And more than 35 percent of collisions occur at crossings fully protected by watchmen, gates, bells and blinking lights! Also, a good 30 percent of the time, the drivers crash into the trains, instead of vice versa.

The worst nightmares to the harried engineers are the reckless drivers who deliberately set out to beat a train to a crossing. Sometimes they're successful —but somtimes they're not.

Some realize their mistake and try to jam on their brakes. Often they're too late, and another tragedy is chalked up.

To the comparatively few foolish people who actually race a train to the crossing, Engineer Klee has a word of advice:

"You're playing against all the odds, and that's stupid. You've got one chance to win, two chances to lose. If you get there first, you win. If the train gets there first, you lose. And if it's a draw—you lose again! Think it over."

—Jack Miller

SUPERBOY

DIARY OF Jonathan

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT LIFE IS LIKE FOR JONATHAN AND MARTHA KENT, THE FOSTER PARENTS OF CLARK (SUPERBOY) KENT? WHAT IS IT LIKE TO HAVE THE FAMED BOY OF STEEL IN THEIR HOME? WHAT SUPER JOYS ARE THEIRS?... AND WHAT SUPER WORRIES, TOO, PERHAPS, GUARDING HIS SECRET IDENTITY? WELL, JONATHAN KENT'S PERSONAL DIARY WILL NOW REVEAL TO YOU THE INSIDE STORY OF...

PA KENT'S DILEMMA!

PILE BACK IN, EVERYBODY, FOR A FLIGHT TO THE AIRPORT!

SUPERBOY FOUND US BEFORE WE EVEN GOT FROST-BITTEN!

Dear Diary: Please permit a proud father to boast a bit over how my super son brings secret honor to the name of KENT, by his many magnificent deeds, such as rescuing a lost airliner...

DIARY OF Jonathan Kent

Dear Diary: As Jonathan Kent, it is my proud privilege to be the foster father of Clark Kent, who is secretly Superboy, famed for his glowing deeds! I suppose many folks would wonder what life with Superboy is like, for my wife Martha and me. Well...

"Like any loving parents, we enjoy, most of all, those cozy, quiet evenings at home with our boy."

LET'S HAVE SOME LEMONADE, MOM!

SURE, SON--I'LL MAKE SOME!

"But too often, Superboy is called away, leaving Martha and me alone..."
IF ONLY OUR SON DIDN'T HAVE SO MANY CALLS FOR HELP!
WELL, MARTHA, IT'S WORTH IT, KNOWING HOW MANY COUNTLESS LIVES HE'S SAVED!
SUPERBOY FOILS THIEF!
SUPERBOY TILES FLOOR
SUPERBOY STOPS RAID
"But we also share the secret of his dual-identity, which must be covered up time after time..."
AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR, JUST AS SUPERBOY FLEW IN! I'LL BLOCK OFF HIS VIEW WHILE...
HURRY, SON-INTO YOUR EVERYDAY CLOTHES!
"There was one time, however, when the best kept secret in the world seemed sure to leak out! For one night, when Superboy returned from Professor Jason's laboratory..."
THIS POWERFUL NEW TRUTH SERUM FORCES A PERSON TO REVEAL ANY SECRETS HE KEEPS! THE BIGGER THE SECRET, THE GREATER THE URGE TO TELL IT! I'M TURNING IT OVER TO THE POLICE IN THE MORNING! THEY'LL FIND IT USEFUL IN OBTAINING CRIMINAL CONFESSIONS!
"But next morning, as Lana Lang dropped in..."
COME SEE MY NEW CAKE, LANA, AS SOON AS I SEW THIS BUTTON ON FIRMLY... YOU KNOW, SO HIS SUIT WON'T SHOW UNDERNEATH!
HIS SUIT? TELL ME MORE, MRS. KENT!
GULP
"At a glance, Clark and I saw what had happened:"
GREAT SCOTT! MARTHA MISTOOK THE TRUTH SERUM FOR HER REGULAR TONIC!
MOM WILL BLURT OUT HER BIGGEST SECRET ALL DAY LONG NOW... AND HER BIGGEST SECRET, OF COURSE, IS THAT I'M SUPERBOY!
"But before the precious secret was out, Clark acted swiftly..."
HOPE THIS DIVERTS MOM'S ATTENTION, AS I SHOOT BURNING X-RAYS INTO THE KITCHEN!
NATURALLY, LANA, I MEAN THE SUIT CLARK WEARS AS... HMM... SNIFF-SNIFF-
EEK! MY CAKE IS BURNING IN THE OVEN! EXCUSE ME, LANA!
I'D BETTER HELP MOM! SORRY YOU CAN'T... UH...STAY LONGER, LANA!
2

"The crisis over, it did no good to warn Martha..."
PLEASE, MARTHA... YOU KNOW THAT NO ONE ELSE ON THIS EARTH MUST FIND OUT OUR SON CLARK IS SUPERBOY!
BUT I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF... IT JUST CAME OUT IMPULSIVELY! I COULDN'T HOLD IT BACK!
IT MAY HAPPEN AGAIN, DAD, AND IT'S NOT MOM'S FAULT AT ALL! THIS POWERFUL SERUM FORCES HER TO TELL THE BIG SECRET! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP MOM "MUM" ALL DAY!
LUCKILY, TODAY BEING A HOLIDAY, BOTH YOUR SCHOOL AND MY STORE ARE CLOSED! ONE OF US CAN ALWAYS KEEP WATCH!

ANYWAY, THIS TRUTH SERUM IS GETTING AN UNSCHEDULED TEST-- THOUGH I CAN'T TELL PROFESSOR JASON ABOUT IT! I'LL MAKE UP SOME EXCUSE TO HAVE HIM CONCOCT MORE FOR THE POLICE! MEANWHILE, KEEP MOM "GAGGED", DAD!
YOU CAN TRUST ME, SON!
"But, unfortunately, I was at the phone later when our neighbor dropped in and..."
I WANTED YOU TO SEE MY NEW BABY, MARTHA!
HE'S ADORABLE, MABEL-- BUT LET ME SHOW YOU THE CUTE PICTURES OF CLARK AS A BABY!

"Of course, Martha would never show these utterly private pictures unless compelled to by the Truth Serum..."
BUT, MARTHA! HOW COULD TINY BABY CLARK LIFT THAT BIG CHAIR?
HUH--?
WELL, AFTER ALL, HE WASN'T LIKE OTHER BABIES, YOU KNOW!
KRASH!
... A SUPER-BABY!
WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I MADE IT! BY ACCIDENTALLY" KNOCKING OVER THAT VASE, I PREVENTED MABEL FROM LEARNING THAT ALL-IMPORTANT WORD!
3

"And fortunately, Superboy had been keeping watch with his telescopic vision--so that on his return from Professor Jason..."
DAD DID FINE, BUT I STILL HAVE TO COVER UP MOM'S MISTAKE COMPLETELY, BY GLUING TOGETHER THIS SCRAP PAPER INTO AN IMITATION CHAIR, SIMILAR TO THE TYPE USED IN MOVIES!
GLUE
"Super-speed enabled him to rush it to me secretly and in the nick of time..."
DID THAT BABY PHOTO HAVE YOU FOOLED, MABEL? WE'VE HAD THAT "CHAIR" AROUND FOR YEARS, TO USE AS A GAG AT PARTIES!
WHY, IT'S LIGHT AS A FEATHER! THAT EXPLAINS BABY CLARK'S AMAZING FEAT!
"But despite this near-catastrophe, Superboy didn't stay very long..."
A FAINT S.O.S. WAS PICKED UP FROM AIRLINER STRANDED WITH 19 PASSENGERS AND CREW IN DISTANT MOUNTAINS!
GOSH, DAD--I HATE TO LEAVE YOU HOLDING THE FORT ALONE, BUT I CAN'T IGNORE THAT LOST AIR-LINER!
"And again, I was faced with a truth ache..."
I HEARD THE REPORT, SO I'LL PHONE SMALLVILLE'S RADIO STATION AND HAVE THEM BROAD-CAST A CHEERING MESSAGE THAT OUR SON IS ON HIS WAY!
STOP, MARTHA--YI-I-I-I-I! I TRIPPED!
"This was not a gag--and by the time I recovered..."
HELLO! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT AIRLINER! YOU SEE, I'M SUPERBOY'S FOSTER MOTHER, AND...
WHAT ??? IF THIS IS ON THE LEVEL, GIVE ME YOUR NAME--QUICK!
"The fateful words spilled into the mouthpiece..."
I'M MRS. JONATHAN KENT, AND OUR SON, SUPERBOY, IS OTHERWISE KNOWN TO YOU AS... CLARK KENT!

"But once more, I just managed to save the day..."
HELLO?... HELLO? WHY, THE PHONE IS DEAD, JONATHAN!
THAT'S... UH... STRANGE, MARTHA!
AND IT'LL STAY DEAD, TILL THE TRUTH SERUM WEARS OFF!
"Meanwhile, as Superboy related it to me later, he quickly found the lost airliner"
I'LL FLY YOU ALL TO SAFETY! ANYBODY HURT?
NO, BUT ONE PANICKY MAN RAN OFF BEFORE WE COULD STOP HIM!
"As on so many other occasions, my boy then used his super-powers, which still amaze even me, to solve a grim situation..."
GOT TO FIND THE MISSING MAN FIRST! BUT TO KEEP FROSTBITE FROM THE REST OF YOU, USE THIS SEAM OF COAL I FOUND TO BUILD A GOOD HOT FIRE!
NOW THEY WON'T FREEZE WHILE I SEARCH FOR THE MISSING MAN! IT MAY TAKE TIME, WITH FRESH SNOW COVERING HIS TRACKS!
"After a wide hunt at super-speed..."
EEAAA! AVALANCHE!
THERE HE IS... GETTING BURIED UNDER TONS OF SNOW, JUST AS I SPOTTED HIM!

HE'LL SUFFOCATE IF I WASTE TOO MUCH TIME DIVING AND SEARCHING IN THE SNOW! BETTER TO CLEAR THE SITE QUICKLY WITH SUPER-BREATH!
WHOOSH!
WHOO-OOSH!
THAT UNCOVERS HIM UNHARMED! NOW TO HUSTLE HIM AND THE OTHERS INTO THE PLANE AND FLY THEM TO AN AIRPORT!

"Only to you, Dear Diary, can I secretly indulge in a proud father's bragging over my super son--as of course, it scarcely matters to him if a plane's motors are dead or not!"
WOW! SUPERBOY'S FLYING THIS CRATE AT TWICE THE SPEED IT EVER HAD!

"When my gallant boy came home, it was only in time for another crisis created by Martha..."
BE BACK IN A MOMENT, JONATHAN! I HAVE TO MAIL THIS LETTER TO THE RADIO STATION, SINCE MY PHONE CALL WAS CUT OFF!
LETTER? STOP HER, SON--HURRY!

"But my cry came an instant too late..."
GULP! AND I CAN'T STOP THE MAILS!
WHY SHOULD YOU, SON? I WANT THE WORLD TO SHARE OUR WONDERFUL JOY AT HAVING SUPERBOY IN OUR HOME! I TOLD THEM EVERYTHING!
U.S. MAIL

"Inside, Martha had her hands full with us for a change..."
LAND SAKES! YOU TWO LOOK POSITIVELY ILL--EVEN YOU, SUPERBOY!
I AM SICK--AT THE THOUGHT OF THAT LETTER BEING OPENED AT THE RADIO STATION!

"Both of us winced at the same mental vision..."
ATTENTION! WE INTERRUPT ALL PROGRAMS FOR SENSATIONAL NEWS! THIS LETTER FROM MRS. JONATHAN KENT REVEALS THAT SUPERBOY IS HER ADOPTED SON UNDER THE NAME OF... CLARK KENT!

"Some time afterward..."
I MUST TRY TO DO SOMETHING WHEN THAT LETTER IS OPENED, DAD!
I HOPE YOU THINK OF SOME WAY TO PRESERVE YOUR SECRET, SON!
"I learned later of what happened when Martha's 'bombshell' arrived..."
I FOLLOWED THE NEXT MAIL DELIVERY HERE, AND X-RAY VISION SHOWS MOM'S LETTER IN THAT BATCH! WHAT CAN I DO, BEFORE THE STATION MANAGER OPENS IT?
WAIT... I HAVE AN IDEA! FIRST I'LL USE SUPER-VENTRILOQUISM TO MAKE HIM TURN AWAY FOR A MOMENT!
MAY I SEE YOU?
EH?
ENTRIES TO TALL TALES CONTEST
GUESS I IMAGINED I HEARD SOMEBODY!
THAT ALLOWS ME TO USE SUPER-BREATH TO FLIP MOM'S LETTER INTO THAT BASKET!
"Thus, through Superboy's clever ruse..."
HA, HA... WE'RE GETTING IN SOME TERRIFIC TALL TALES FOR THE CONTEST!
Dear Sir: My boy, Clark Kent who only pretends to be timid, is really Superboy! You see, we adopted him as a baby and...
Mrs. Jonathan Kent
I KNOW CLARK KENT, AND THE IDEA OF THE MEEKEST BOY IN TOWN BEING... HA, HA, SUPERBOY IS A RIOT!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
ENTRIES TO TALL

"Later, with Clark back home, and at ease ..."
HOW DARE THEY IGNORE MY NEWS AND ROB YOU OF THE HONORS YOU DESERVE, CLARK?
WELL, MOM, LET'S BE... UH... BIG ABOUT IT, EH? FORGET IT!
"But once more, before the trying day was over..."
MRS. KENT, I WAS AWAY ALL DAY, BUT NOW -- WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME ABOUT CLARK'S SUIT THIS MORNING?
HIS SUIT? OH, YES, LANA...
YIPES!
I COULDN'T LET CLARK GO AROUND WITH HIS UNDER-SUIT SHOWING -- HE'D BE EMBARRASSED!
OH... H...
THANK GOODNESS! THE TRUTH SE-RUM JUST WORE OFF, AND MOM'S BEING DISCREET AGAIN, AS USUAL!
"Finally, alone at last with Martha's 'truth' affliction' over..."
OH, SON, HOW CAN YOU FORGIVE ME FOR WORRYING YOU ALL DAY LONG?
SKIP IT, MOM! HOW ABOUT ALL THE WORRYING I'VE BROUGHT YOU? EVERY DAY, FOR YEARS, YOU'VE HAD TO PERFORM REAL "HEROICS" TO KEEP MY SECRET! YOU SHOULD GET A REWARD!
TUSH, SON! WHAT MORE REWARD DO WE NEED THAN HAVING A SON LIKE THIS IN OUR HOME?
SMALLVILLE NEWS
SUPERBOY RESCUES LOST AIRLINER!
Yes, little trials but big, triumphs sum it all up! And we need no truth serum to make Martha and me say that we love it... our life with Superboy!
Jonathan Kent
THE END

PEG
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE !
HENRY BOLTINOFF
THERE ! I SEEM TO HAVE ENOUGH !
GREEK PHILOSOPHY - 15th CENTURY POETRY AND CURRENT ECONOMICS ! AREN'T THESE PRETTY HEAVY FOR YOU?
NO, THEY'RE JUST RIGHT FOR ME !
THEY WEIGH AROUND SEVEN POUNDS - WHICH IS JUST RIGHT FOR THIS METHOD TO LEARN CORRECT POSTURE AND POISE !
THE END